# THE Old MAID's GARLAND;

Compoſed of Four curious

# New Songs.

The old Maid's Lamentation for her *Philander.*

The young Maiden's hearty Thanks for the old Virgin's good Advice.

The valiant *Iriſh* Captain's Love to the young Maidens.

Bumper 'Squire *Jones*, a new Play-houſe Song.

*Licenced and Entered according to Order.*

# The Old MAID's GARLAND.

## *The Old Maid's Lamentation for her* Philander.

YOung *Philander* woo'd me long,
But I was peeviſh and forbade him,
I would not hear his lovely Song,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh, I had him.
When each Morn I view my Glaſs,
Then I do find my Beauty going,
If once the Wrinckles take my Face,
Then I may bid adieu to Wooing.

That Beauty once ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and failing,
My Cheeks which like Coral appear'd,
Are pale and broken, Blood prevailing:
We may hence ſee our ſelves to be
Like Summer Fruit that are unſhaken,
When ripe they ſoon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Uſe your Time you Virgins fair,
Chooſe then your Day before it's Evil,
Fifteen is a Seaſon rare,
But Five and Twenty is uncivil:
Juſt when Ripe conſent and do't,
Hug no more your lonely Pillow,
Women are like other Fruits,
They looſe their Reliſh when too Mellow.

If

If any Oportunity be loſt,
You'll find it cannot be regain'd,
Which now I'll tell you to my Coſt,
Though none but myſelf can be blamed:
If then your Fortune you reſpect,
Take the Occaſion when it Offers,
And do not Lover's Suits neglect,
Leſt you be juſtly called Scoffers.

I by his fond Expreſſions thought,
That he his Love would never alter,
But now alas! 'tis trim'd to nought,
Which makes me ſubject to all Banter:
Pray therefore Maids take my Advice,
And let not Coyneſs prove your Ruin,
For if you do prove over Nice,
Your Suitors will give over Wooing.

If Modeſty would me allow,
To give *Phillander* Invitation,
To viſit me then I would ſhew,
A great and ſudden Alteration:
Then ſhould I openly proteſt,
Of all the Men in the Creation,
Unfeignedly I lov'd him beſt,
When I conſider'd his Diſcretion.

But ſeeing this can never be,
Without our Modeſty abuſing,
Take then Example all by me,
Who yet your Lovers are refuſing:
For if you them too much withſtand,
At length you bring yourſelves to ruin,

And

And then be wise behind the Hand,
When you may bid adieu to Wooing.

Then Maidens old you call'd must be,
And with that Number ever ranked,
On all Occasions till you die,
At Weddings, and at every Banquet:
A Title sure, I understand,
With which none of us are contented;
Therefore be wise before Hand,
That this Misfortune be prevented.

*The young Maiden's hearty Thanks for the old Virgin's good Advice.*

O Virgin fair, we cannot tell
How many thousand Thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us so well,
These very Rocks that did o'erthrow you:
For we your Lesson so shall tell,
That even though all our Kin had swore it,
E're we shall be an Hour behind,
We'll take a Year or two before it.

We'll catch all Winds blows in our Sails,
We'll still keep out our Flag and Penant,
If young *Philander* once assails
To storm our Fort, then he shall win it:
We may indeed for Modesty
Present our Forces for resistance;
Yet we will quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his Assistance.

The

## *The* Iriſh *Captain's Love to the young Virgins.*

YOU pretty Maidens all, both great and ſmall,
Come liſten a while to my Ditty, my Ditty;
I will ſing you a Song before it be long,
I am ſure you will ſay it is pretty, it is pretty.

There is Captain *Mackan*, he's a jolly briſk Man,
He lives in the County of *Surry*, of *Surry*:
He carries a Stick, a large Handful thick,
It will make the young Laſſes full merry, full merry.

You Maidens ſo young, beſure that you come,
And make your Complaint to the Captain, the Captain;
And when you come there, you need not to fear,
Beſure he will give you refreſhing, refreſhing.

Then be not ſo coy, when you meet a young Boy,
That is willing to ſpend all his Money, his Money;
You muſt pity his Caſe, and ſmile in his Face,
And then he will call you his Honey, his Honey.

*Sunderland* Town Girls, wear Ribbons and Pearls,
They dreſs up like Ladies of Honour, of Honour;
*Kate*, *Bridget*, and *Nell*, and fair *Iſabel*,
Young *Nancy*, and likewiſe Miſs *Comier*, Miſs *Comier*.

Young *Nell* ſhe is kind, and will tell her Mind,
She'll call you aſide with a Whiſper, a Whiſper:
If your Chanter Pipe be long, no Matter how ſtrong,
You muſt play up a Tune for her Siſter, her Siſter.

There's a Maid in this Town, ſhe wears a green Gown,
She lies on her Back, and is Civil, is Civil:
She'll call him a Clown, that will not kneel down,
And play up a Tune on her Fiddle, her Fiddle.

Neither Silver nor Gold, nor Jewels unfold,
Can pleaſe this young beautiful Virgin, beautiful Virgin,
Without ſhe can feel, both Morning and Ev'ning,
A Trout in her Hand, and it leaping, it leaping.

There's

There's ne'er a young Laſs, from *Sunderland* to *Shields*,
But will drink with a Man that ſhe fancies, ſhe fancies;
She will ſit at the Table, and drink while ſhe's able,
And toſs of her Bumpers of Brandy, of Brandy.

And without Delay, the Reck'ning ſhe'll pay,
She'll pull out a handful of Money, of Money:
A Guinea in Hand, ſhe'll give to that Man,
That freely will call her his Honey, his Honey.

And if he yields her Delight, in dead Time of Night,
She'll fill full a Glaſs of Canary, of Canary;
For to cheriſh his Heart, from him ſhe'll ne'er part,
Untill ſhe find him grow weary, grow weary.

Then on her ſweet Breaſt, he may take his Reſt,
And ſleep in her Arms for ſome Hours, ſome Hours;
But when it's Day-light, they both take their flight,
And ſports on the ſhady green Bowers, green Bowers.

This Captain *Mackan*, is a jolly brisk Man,
He into the Battle will venture, will venture,
He briskly appears, with his Heart void of Fears,
And ſwears that the Fort he will enter, will enter.

He is hard and bold, and will not be controul'd,
Untill that he fires a Volley, a Volley:
At the Port-hole he ſtands, with his Piſtol in Hand,
And his Granadiers ready to rally, to rally.

Although the Port-hole be as black as a Coal,
With the Fringes that is ſet round about it, about it;
In the midſt there's a Roſe, moſt neatly compos'd,
Which no Man can do well without it, without it.

Therefore my dear Friends, for to make amends,
I think he is worſe than a Sinner, a Sinner;
That ever will deny, but freely comply,
For to riſle the Charms that is in her, is in her.

*Bumper 'Squire* Jones, *a new Playhouſe Song.*

YOU good Fellows all, who love to be told
Where there's Claret good Store;
Attend to the Call of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted, with Six Bottles more.
Be ſure you don't paſs the good Houſe *Moneyglaſs*,
Which the jolly Red God ſo peculiarly owns:
It wou'd well ſuit your Humour, for pray what wou'd you more,
Than away to the Claret with Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You Lovers who pine for Laſſes,
That often prove more cruel than fair,
Who whimper and whine, for Lillies and Roſes,
With Eyes, Lips and Noſes, or Tip of an Ear.
Come hither, I'll ſhew you how *Phillis* and *Chloe*,
No more ſhall occaſion ſuch Sighs and ſuch Groans;
For what Mortal ſo ſtupid, as not to quit *Cupid*,
When call'd by good Claret with Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You Poets who write, and brag
Of your drinking fam'd *Helicon*'s Brook;
Tho' all you get by it, is a Dinner oft times,
In Reward of your Rhimes, with *Humphry* the Duke.
Learn *Bacchus* to follow, and quit your *Apollo*,
Forſake all the Muſes, thoſe ſenſeleſs old Crones;
Our gingling of Glaſes your rhyming ſurpaſſes,
When call'd by good Claret and Bumper Squire *Jones*.

You Soldiers ſo ſtout, with Plenty of Oaths,
Tho' no Plenty of Coin,
Who make ſuch a Rout of all your Commanders,
Who ſerv'd us in *Flanders*, and eke at the *Boyne*.
Come leave off your rattling of Sieging and Battling,
And know you had better ſleep with whole Bones,
Were you ſent to *Gibraltar*, your Notes wou'd ſoon alter,
And wiſh for good Claret with Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You

You C——gy ſo wiſe, who Myſteries profound,
Can demonſtrate clear,
How worthy to riſe, you preach once a Week,
But your Tythes never ſeek above once in a Year.
Come here without failing, and leave off your railing
'Gainſt B——ps providing for dull ſtupid Drones;
Says the Text ſo divine, what is Life without Wine,
Then away to the Claret with Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You Lawyers ſo juſt, be the Cauſe what it will,
Who ſo learnedly plead;
How worthy of Truſt, you know black from white,
Yet prefer Wrong to right, as you chance to be fee'd
Leave muſty Reports, and forſake the King's Courts,
Where dullneſs and diſcord have ſet up their Thrones
Burn *Scalkeld*'s Invent'ries. and all your damn'd Entries
And away with the Claret and Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You Phyſical Tribe, whoſe Knowledge conſiſts
In hard Words and Grimace;
Whene'er you preſcribe, have at your Devotion,
Pills, Bolus or Portion, be what will the Caſe:
Pray where is the Need to purge, bliſter and bleed,
When ailing yourſelves, the whole Faculty owns,
That the Forms of old *Galen* are not ſo prevailing,
As Mirth and good Claret with Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

You Fox Hunters eke, who follow the Call
Of the Horn and the Hound;
Who your Ladies forſake, before they're awake,
To beat up the Break where the Vermin is found.
Leave *Piper* and *Blueman*, ſhrill *Dutcheſs* and *Trueman*,
No Muſick is found in ſuch diſſonant Tones:
Would you raviſh your Ears with a Song of the Spheres
Hark away to the Claret and Bumper 'Squire *Jones*.

FINIS